

## Kyel X Cartman: Loev Sharde Beetween Tow Peepole

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## Kyel X Cartman: Loev Sharde Beetween Tow Peepole

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

A deliberate parody of the absolutely ridiculous "Kyle X Cartman" yaoi relationship in fanfiction. Readers beware: MAJOR GAY SEX SCENE!

One mornnig in the town of Souht Patk, Colirodo, Kyel was havign a reel bad dayy. Cart man was having teh tiem of his lief, and he was cleraley shwoing it of liek theer was no tomorow.

Keyl, Crartman, Satn, and Kenyn werr at teh bus stope. Catmran was psising Kely of like teh treu fate bastrad he awlyas was.

"Hye, Kalh!" Cratmna yeled ta Klye. "Yuo sptuid Joo!"

Kyel was mad and agnry and has annyode faicil eksprusin no his faec.

"Carmtan! Shtu yuor fat as peixe of siht mnouth! Yo haev on ieda what yuoer takling aboot!"

"Holly shit, dud.e" Satn relplied.

(My apologies. Those first few chapters were typed by a defective retrardde computer program with Down syndrome. Since I can't proofread them, Ill just moev along with the stroy now.)

"lol wtf r u talking about Cartman" Kenny said under his breadth.

"oh nothing Kenny. oh btw I like sooo toadilly have a crush on you tbh Kyle" Cartman explainde.

"omfg wtf r u fucking talking about I thought we both heated each other" Kyle relied; Kyle and Cartman were actually texting each other while Kenny was starring at Cartman's screne.

"WoW, since when do you two have a crush on each other?" Stan wondered.

"Kyle loves my fatass. Dont you Khal? Wattch me shaek me fat but liek a Mann!" Cartman replied, sending Kyle a video recording of his beuwtfewl buttocks.

"WE! CARTMAN! STOP SHOWING ME YOUR BUT! YOUR GIVEING ME A MASSIF BONNER!" Kyle replied.

"So...your gay, then?" Cartman replied.

Kyle sight. "Yes..." Kyle replied.

Cartman gigeld like a madamn. "Ho, this is soo todilly fcuking sweat and awsssoem! Kyle's gonan put his dike in my anil caveity! It's gonna fell so god-damnde god!"

(Okay, enough of this stupid troll. I'm going to be writing the rest of this story from now on. Those last two writers can go fuck themselves and shove the fucking Titanic up their asses for all I care. I'm a sophisticated genius of high intellect and I aim to write using a vibrant style that shows my flowing and vivid stream of brilliancy.)

Kyle and Cartman went to school together. At school, Kyle could not stop thinking about Cartman's ass. The mental image of Cartman's juicy, sweaty, plump, rosy, sensual butt cheeks flooded Kyle's brain with unpleasant thoughts of intense lust. He could feel his intense erection stiffening and creating an embarrassingly unwelcome protrusion in his pants. Hiding the protrusion from view, he tried to continue writing the majestic words on his wondrous sheet of paper with his first-class wooden pencil.

As Kyle was trying to finish his polynomial long division problem, he could hear Cartman teasing him in his mind.

"Look at this big, fat, shapely body of mine. You know you want it, butt-licker."

"Butt-licker...Butt-licker...Butt-licker..." A mental image of Cartman removing his glitter-coated thong underwear and revealing his burly, muscular penis flashed right in front of Kyle's eyes, causing Kyle to break out into a fit of screaming.

"Kyle, what's the problem?" Mrs. Garrison asked. "You're not catching Cartman's gay genes, are you?"

"I can't stop thinking about Cartman's magnificent nether regions!" Kyle panicked. "Help me! Give me some therapy! Or a barf bag! Just give me SOMETHING!!"

"Magnificent nether regions?" Mrs. Garrison chuckled. "Who in the hell talks like that?"

"A total faggot, that's who." Cartman confirmed. "Kyle, admit it. You are developing an unhealthy fetish for me. Once we get home, you are going to suck my balls whether you like it or not. You got me?"

At lunch, Kyle was trying to eat his meal while Cartman was waving his butt back and forth right next to Kyle's face. "Kiss it...kiss it...come on...you know you wanna..." Kyle, irritated, slapped Cartman's ass.

"Come on, slap it again!" Cartman replied. "Harder!"

"FUCK NO!" Kyle replied; he was starting to really feel like throwing up. Kyle ran to a nearby bathroom and vomited into one of the toilets while Cartman pooped on Kyle's tray.

In the locker room, Cartman did various poses, each one sluttier than the last, to try to seduce Kyle. Kyle was not impressed. "Cartman, when are you going to leave me the fuck alone?"

"Never!" Cartman answered. "Not until you finally decide to face your fears and KISS MY ASS!" Cartman pretended that he was about to rape Kyle, but Kyle was prepared for the kind of crap that Cartman pulled.

On the bus, Cartman had taken many photographic pictures of his buttocks from various angles; he taped them onto the back of the seat right in front of Kyle's seat so that Kyle would see them.

"God damn it, Cartman, stop it! I've never seen you be this annoying before...Although, I do have to admit, those photos look a little sexy since you've lost a bit of weight..." Kyle replied.

"See? You're gay!" Cartman replied. "Accept the fact that you are gay and come over to my house! If you don't then I will cut your balls off with scissors and feed them to my pet kitty!"

"You will not!" Kyle yelled.

"Will too! Try me..." Cartman threatened, pulling out a pair of rather sharp hedge shears.

Once he got home, Kyle asked his mother if he could have a sleepover at Cartman's house since it was Monday. His mom said: "Sure, but make sure you get back home before 10:00 AM tomorrow."

"Okay." Kyle replied, packing his stuff.

AT CARTMAN'S HOUSE...

Kyle was eating dinner with Cartman. Actually, no. Both of them had already eaten dinner before the sleepover. This was lucky because it meant that Kyle did not have to discuss his man-crush on Cartman with Cartman himself at the dinner table.

AT 11:00 PM, AFTER CARTMAN'S MOM HAD GONE TO BED AND PUT HER EARMUFFS ON...

After eating dessert, which was a cake sundae with fudge brownies, whipped cream and cherries on top, Cartman and Kyle went up to Cartman's bedroom. Cartman shut the door behind him, locked the door, shut the window blinds, turned on the lamp, and began to remove his clothes.

Kyle was shocked at what he had just witnessed. He had no words to describe how naked Cartman had become. "You're...you're..."

"Naaakeeed." Cartman replied, clutching a flower between his teeth.

"Yes, yes indeed, you've got NO FREAKING CLOTHES ON!" Kyle replied with a hint of panic in his voice.

"You don't say?" Cartman replied sarcastically. "Anyway, ready for some sex?"

Kyle sighed. "If I have to, yes. Just please don't poop and/or fart on my dick."

"I won't, trust me." Cartman reassured him.

Cartman got on his hands and knees, fully and openly exposing his astonishingly huge buttocks. Kyle's mouth actually began to water a little. "Ready for some action?" Cartman asked teasingly. Kyle caressed Cartman's butt with his hands and could not believe how incredibly nice and soft it was.

Kyle reluctantly thrust his kosher wiener into Cartman's anus. "Oh yeah, push it in deeper..." Kyle thrust it in deeper and could feel himself acquiring an erection. "Push it in harder!" Cartman whispered, wanting to please Kyle. Kyle let out a soft, low moan as he filled Cartman's butt with his love.

"Now let's drink each other's cum!" Cartman instructed. "We will both masturbate furiously while observing each other's naked bodies, then when the time is right, we will cum into our palms and lick the cum off of each other's palms."

The challenge began. "Oh, yeah...come on baby...oooooooo!" Kyle licked the juicy, creamy, milky white semen off of Cartman's sweaty palm and vice versa. They then proceeded to massage and lick each other's feet, then they both licked each other's sweaty, hairy bungholes, gently caressing them with their tongues. After kissing each other and twirling their tongues together, they prepared for the final test.

"Now for the final test, Kyle. You and I must get into a 69 position and then lick each other's armpits." Cartman explained.

"Oh, brother..." Kyle groaned.

Kyle and Cartman bonded together into a "69" shape and preformed the act of fellatio on each other's penises, then cummed on each other's beautiful faces before licking each other's armpits vigorously.

"Now for the grand finale." Cartman whispered, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"WHAT? We haven't done enough gay shit already?" Kyle whispered angrily; he felt like he was almost ready to puke his guts out, yet at the same time he was somehow enjoying this disgusting predicament.

"I am going to take a huge dump into your mouth. You must chew my poop one hundred times and then swallow it." Cartman explained.

"Well, I suppose I'd rather do this than get my balls chopped off..." Kyle groaned, his face turning slightly green as he was gagging at the thought of doing this.

Cartman strained his rectal muscles and took a chunky, sloppy dump into Kyle's open mouth. Kyle screamed, his voice muffled by the vile bile that filled his mouth. Somehow resisting the urge to vomit, Kyle began chewing. "Just ignore the taste and it'll all go away..." Kyle thought to himself, trying to distract himself from the horrendous taste of the poop. Kyle began counting in his mind.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12..."

"58...59...60...61..."

"96...97...98...99..."

"100!"

"Here's your glass of my piss." Cartman explained, handing the glass to Kyle. Kyle snatched the glass out of Cartman's hands and frantically poured it down his throat to wash the poop down; it tasted and felt like diarrhea.

"Cartman! You owe me A LOT for making me do that! THAT RIGHT THERE IS WHERE I CROSS THE LINE!" Kyle yelled after putting his pajamas back on. Kyle heard Cartman's mom about to open her bedroom door, so he opened Cartman's window blinds, lifted the window open, threw his bag out the window, and jumped out of it. Luckily, Kenny and Stan had set up a mattress right below the window.

Kyle had no time to thank them as he grabbed his bag and frantically fled back to his home. He rang the doorbell.

"Back so soon? Why'd you have to wake us up in the middle of the night?" Kyle's dad asked.

"Sorry, dad, but the sleepover's been cancelled. Me and Cartman just don't get along. Say, umm...can I go upstairs and use the bathroom? I need to take a shower." Kyle explained.

"Oh, well you can use the shower if you want. Are you really that dirty?" Kyle's dad asked.

"Umm...yes, don't you see?" Kyle had smeared Cartman's poop onto his body to make it look like mud.

"Oh my god, I don't even want to ask what kind of mud you got yourself into!" Kyle's dad said with a hint of shock. "Go take a shower immediately!"

Kyle ran upstairs to the bathroom, puked silently into the toilet before flushing, and took a shower; he made sure he washed, scrubbed, and rinsed his body and mouth as thoroughly as possible. Then, he got out his toothbrush, toothpaste and mouthwash and desperately brushed three times before gargling and spitting out the mouthwash.

"Ugh..." Kyle groaned, walking back to his room and going to sleep. "The writers never paid me enough for this bullshit..." Kyle whispered to himself as he drifted off to sleep. He ended up having nightmares about the revoltingly depraved gay sex acts that he had been forced to perform with Cartman.

MEANWHILE, AT CARTMAN'S HOUSE...

"Why did Kyle jump out the window, poopsikins?" Cartman's mom asked.

"Aw, me and him just don't get along." Cartman answered.

"Oh, my! Well, that's a shame." Cartman's mom replied. "Well, go to sleep, munchkin. Good night, sweetie!"

"Good night, Mawmmmy..." Cartman replied in his manipulative voice as his mother smiled and shut the door gently.

"Sucker..." Cartman thought to himself, grinning deviously and licking his lips. "I sure showed Kyle the naked truth about himself, if you know what I mean..."

Kyle woke up screaming. He would never be able to sleep naked the same way again. He felt that he might have actually still had a crush on Cartman, and the mere thought of having such a burning passion for Cartman was tearing Kyle's soul to shreds. "Cartman is love. Cartman is life."

THE END!!! PLZ LEAVE REVIEWZ!!!

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